

THE PASSAGE FROM THE WORLD

mad with rage against me, as if I, worm, had been the cause of taking from their hands what they had long time possessed in Holy Church. So great was the terror, with the bodily pain, that I wished to fly from the study, and to go into the chapel; as though the study had been the cause of my pains. I raised myself up ; and, not being able to walk, I leaned upon my son Barduccio. But at once I was hurled down ; and, being hurled down, it seemed to me as though the soul had been severed from the body; not in that way as when she passed away from it, for then my soul tasted the bliss of the immortals, receiving that sovereign good together with them ;¹ but now she seemed like a thing reserved ; for I did not seem to myself to be in the body, but I saw my body as though it had been another. And my soul, seeing the pain of him who was with me, turned to know if I had aught to do with the body, to say to him : ^ε Son, do not fear'; and I saw that I could not move the tongue nor any other member, any more than a body separated from life. Then I left the body as it was, and my understanding kept fixed upon the abyss of the Trinity. My memory was full of the recollection of the necessity of Holy Church and of all the Christian people. I cried out in God's sight, and with confidence besought the divine aid, offering Him my desires, and constraining Him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the pains that had been borne ; and so earnestly was it besought, that it seemed to me certain that He would not deny that petition. Then I besought Him for all of you, praying Him to fulfil in you His will and my desires. Then I besought Him to deliver me from eternal damnation. While I remained thus for a very long while, so long that the family mourned for me as dead, all the terror of the demons had passed away. Then came the presence of the humble Lamb before my soul, saying : ' Fear not; for I will fulfil thy desires and those of My other servants. I would have thee see that I am the good craftsman, and do as the potter, who mars and makes again as seems good to him. Thus do I with these My vessels; I can mar them and make them again ; and, therefore, I take the ¹ She refers to her trance, or mystical death, in 1370, Cf. chapter v,